

## AFTER MANY DAYS A DECORATION DAY STORY

The street was blocked by carryalls filled with children, decked in white, companies of soldiers, men on horseback, the Grand Army veterans, now but a remnant of the mighty host that once marched away to make history, and numerous organizations in double ranks.

Jerky strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," mingled with the sound of the life and drum, floated out on the morning air. The notes of "Marching Through Georgia" were caught, echoed and answered by "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," from the adjacent streets, while the Spanish-American war soldiers contributed "A Hot Time." Flags and banners streamed from all windows.

For it was the 30th of May.

Rob Mandel, a young southerner, enjoying his first glimpse of life in the northern states, threaded his way through the crowded streets, which seemed to him to bear the air of a gala day. He turned into a street where tall trees cast a grateful shade on the pavement. Then his heart beat more quickly. At the end of the block he saw Jocelyn-Jocelyn, sweet and 17 and but very recently his fiancée.

"Jocelyn!"

She turned a pretty, surprised face to his.

"Where are you going, Jocelyn? I called at your house just now, but found it closed."

"I am going to spend the day with my grandmother."

"And she is the only member of your family I have not met, so I will go with you."

"No, Rob; not to-day. This is always a sad day for poor grandma."

"Oh, your grandfather was killed in the civil war, I presume," he added, feelingly.

"Worse than that, Rob! He belonged to the 'missing,' and not missing in action, either. You can walk to the house with me and I will tell you about it. Early in the war my grandfather was taken sick in quarters. Before he was well his regiment received orders to move on and commenced their march at night. Grandpa, delirious with fever, was placed in the ambulance."

"The next morning, when some of his comrades, anxious as to his condition, came to the ambulance, they found it empty and my grandfather was missing. All search and inquiry proved unavailing. His friends came to the conclusion that in his delirium he had slipped unseen from the ambulance under cover of the night and that probably he had been killed by bushwhackers. Of course, the march could not be delayed, and his regiment had to pursue their way, leaving him to his unknown fate."

"He was never again heard from, and they say the sad tidings would have killed my grandmother, but she felt that she must live to have removed from the muster roll the cruel word 'deserter.'"

"For years she went continually to the window to watch for him; the doorbell never rang, a footstep never paused before the door but her heart beat with expectancy. She knew that whatever had been his fate, he did not merit the cruel charge of desertion, for he was a grand and brave man."

"She worked unceasingly to get the charge removed, and years after the war succeeded in doing so. That lifted her sorrow slightly, but this Decoration day is a dreaded one to her. She grieves so to think that she cannot care for his grave, and she envies all those women bearing flowers to their dead in the cemetery."

Rob was strangely silent after listening to the recital of this little tragedy.

"It is very sad and strange," he said, reflectively.

"It recalls a war story that my grandmother has often told me—"

"I will have to hear it some other time, Rob, for this is my grandmother's house, and you must go back."

"I am going in with you," he announced, in determined tones.

"Oh, no, Rob!" she replied, hurriedly. "The fact is, I haven't told grandma of our engagement. You see you must expect her to be prejudiced at first because you are a southerner and—"

"She would naturally feel that way, for I presume she imagines that your grandfather was killed by confederates."

"Yes, and to-day, of all days, her feelings would be more keen. So you must wait, Rob, and meet her under other conditions."

"No, I am going in now!" he said, resolutely, as he ascended the steps.

Jocelyn's grandmother met them in the hall. She looked like a picture grandmother with her soft white curls and gown of silver gray.

Jocelyn's heart melted when she saw how tenderly her young lover clasped the hand extended in acknowledgment of the introduction, says the Chicago Post.

She hastened to explain that "Mr. Mandel was a friend of Brother Dick's and that he had come the night before to pay them a visit."

"Where is your home, Mr. Mandel?" asked the old lady, politely.

Jocelyn gave him a beseeching look, but he replied unflinchingly: "Atlanta, Georgia."

Jocelyn's grandmother turned her face toward the window, and Jocelyn grew rebellious.

"Mrs. Royce," said Rob, earnestly, "Jocelyn has been telling me this morning of your sad bereavement."

Jocelyn flushed crimson. "Had he not then one spark of delicacy—one grain of tact?"

Rob rose and crossed the room, seating himself beside her.

"What she told me decided me to come in and relate to you an incident of my grandmother's life during the war. She was the wife of a confederate officer and lived on the outskirts of Atlanta. Early one morning a servant came into the house and told her that he had found a sick Yankee in the stable."

Mrs. Royce started, and an eager look of interest brightened her face. Jocelyn's eyes grew expectant.

"Oh, Rob!" she said, softly.

"My grandmother," resumed the young man, "accompanied the servant to the stable and found the report to be correct. From the clothing and appearance of the sick man she saw, lying on the floor she knew him to be more than a common soldier."

"He was delirious and appeared to be very ill. She at once had him carried to the house and nursed him with the care and tenderness she would have given to her own. He lived but a week—"

Rob paused.

"Oh, is that all?"

Mrs. Royce gave an agonized cry.

"No," said Rob, gently. "She found in his pocket a memorandum book, on the fly leaf of which had been written a name and address in pencil—"

"And the name?" gasped Mrs. Royce, tremulously.

"The first name was illegible; the last name was—Royce—the name of the town was completely erased—the state was Ohio."

"Oh, it must have been my husband. If I could only be sure!" she cried.

"I think you can be," said Rob. "My grandmother was an artist. She thought of the absent wife, or mother, or sweetheart, who would mourn him as missing, and she sketched the soldier as he lay ill. A very accurate, carefully drawn sketch."

"Have you seen it? Can you tell me how he looked?" she implored.

"The expression," said Rob, "is Jocelyn's. I noticed the resemblance as soon as I recalled the sketch."

"And Jocelyn is the image of her grandfather!"

"I will write to my grandmother to-day and tell her of you. I will ask her to write to you the full particulars and send you the sketch. She sent a statement of the case to some of the Ohio papers at the time, but never received a clue to the identity of the soldier."

"And where was he buried?"

"In our grounds at first. Later, the government removed his body, and it now lies in the National cemetery at Marietta, Ga."

There followed a long conversation, in which Rob had to repeat many times all he could recall of his grandmother's oft-repeated story.

"How can I ever thank you or repay you for giving me the greatest happiness of my life since the war?" exclaimed Jocelyn's grandmother.

"I can tell you how," he said, frankly. "By giving me Jocelyn."

"With all my heart," she responded.

Jocelyn was in the depths of contrition.

"Will you forgive me, Rob?" she asked, wistfully.

"Forgive you, Jocelyn?" he asked, wonderingly.

"For what?"

"Never mind for what," she laughed.

The young maid and her lover in their paradise of love were not as happy as Jocelyn's grandmother in her new-found joy—the joy of knowing that her love of long ago, though far away, slept peacefully beneath a grassy willow among the honored dead.

Seating himself beside her.

Her grandmother met them in the hall.

Memorial Day in the South.

The Story of How the Custom of Decorating Soldiers' Graves Originated.

An association known as the Ladies Aid society, was organized in 1861 for looking after soldiers who died in Columbus hospitals. They were buried under the direction of these ladies, who thereafter took charge of these graves, making it a practice to go in, body to body and to beautify them with plants and flowers.

January, 1866, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, a member of the society, made the suggestion that a specified day should be adopted upon which a memorial service should be held for the purpose of decorating the confederate graves annually. The proposition met at once with the greatest favor, and a letter was addressed to each of the chapters in their cities and towns suggesting similar action on their part.

These letters were written in March, 1866, and from their publication resulted the observance of April 26 as Memorial day for the confederate dead in several southern states.

The floral displays are always magnificent in the larger cities, and especially in this true of Richmond. In historic old Hollywood lies the gallant and beloved Stuart. There, too, sleeps the old cavalier Pickett, and many others scarcely less distinguished. There, also, rests the president of the confederate states, and by his side the "Daughter of the Confederacy." And on Memorial day flowers from the hills of Vermont congregate over her grave with those from the plains of Texas and the land of the setting sun as a tribute to her worth and in attestation of a reunited country.—Woman's Home Companion.

Our Comrades Live.

Still they live, our gallant comrades, still they live for evermore.

When the waves of Time beat softly on eternity's bright shore.

Thou' our wistful mortal vision may not pierce the veil between.

Still we feel their presence with us in this peaceful summer scene.

And our hearts are thrilled, uplifted, as by Heaven's divine air.

While we scatter fragrant flowers o'er their green graves everywhere.

EVA KATHERINE GIBSON.

Cover Them Over.

Cover them over, violets blue.

Wreathed in the grass and clover.

Whisper little love of the Earth, yet you Symbol the heaven's deepest blue;

Cover them over and over.

## THE OLD SOLDIER'S DAY.

Beautiful Custom of Observing Memorial Day—The Nation's National Debt.

In 1865 occurred one of the most impressive and soul-stirring pageants which this country has ever seen. On the 23d and 24th of May, the armies of the union passed in grand review before the president and the secretary of war, in Washington. On the first day 80,000 men of the Army of the Potomac marched through the streets of the national capital, and on the following day the 69,000 members of Sherman's army carried their tattered flags over the same line of march.

In all there were 149,000 men in that blue tide which, for six hours on one day and seven on the next, flowed past the capitol; and on the great banner which stretched across the front of the building the tired and war-worn veterans read a sentiment which seemed to have touched their hearts. It was their country's acknowledgment of her sense of obligation to them. The words were these: "The only national debt we can never pay is the debt we owe the victorious union soldiers."

Today, says the Youth's Companion, a thousand little processions made up of those same men will march behind muffled drums and with flowers in their hands, to decorate the graves of the comrades whose marching days are done. Those who passed before the president in the grand review of 1865 were mostly young men, some of them mere boys. The little companies which make their way from post headquarters to the cemetery to-day are made up of old men. Each year finds the heads whiter, the line thinner, the steps more feeble. Yet the loving memories remain unchanged, the old comrades unforgotten, the service in their honor unneglected.

The dignity and faithfulness with which the veterans of the civil war observe this annual ceremony has not been lost upon the country. The pathetic spectacle of these feeble old men marching every year under the flag they once defended has touched us all. It has helped us to realize that we have indeed a "national debt we can never pay," and has confirmed the beautiful custom of giving one day in the year to our dead, be they soldier or civilian.

## THE NATION DOES NOT FORGET.



—Chicago Daily News.

## MEMORIAL DAY IN THE SOUTH.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lessons in the International Series for May 31, 1903—The Life-Giving Spirit.

### THE LESSON TEXT.

(Romans 8:1-14.)

1. There is, therefore, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4. That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5. For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.

6. For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

7. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

8. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

9. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.

10. And if Christ be in you, the body is dead, because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.

11. But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He also shall quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.

12. Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh.

13. For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

14. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom.—8:14.

OUTLINE OF SCRIPTURE SECTION.

Free from the law.....Rom. 8:1-4.

In the flesh of Spirit.....Rom. 8:5-11.

Children of God.....Rom. 8:12-16.

The Spirit of Christ.....Rom. 8:17-29.

TIME.—Spring of A. D. 55.

PLACE.—Corinth.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Paul was now about to start for Rome, and in our lesson we see what doctrine he had written to the Romans while he was in Corinth. Note also how well it sets forth the difference between himself and those before whom he had been brought, as related in the last lesson.

The eighth chapter of Romans is one of the great chapters of the New Testament, and while to us it perhaps seems technical, and full of unfamiliar terms, it was not so at all to the people to whom it was written, and to us Paul's thought is perfectly plain and simple. He is speaking of the influence in the lives of all true Christians of the Holy Spirit through what we call the "higher nature."

"No condemnation." Such as we of course deserved before the beginning of the Christian life. "Them that are in Christ Jesus." Who have accepted His as their Saviour, and are honestly trying to do as He would have them do. "Law of the Spirit of life." Law of sin? Say control instead of law. "The control of the Spirit of Christ (or as many understand it, the Christ-spirit), which is the source of all that is worthy the name of life, released me from the control of the lower, sinful nature, which had ruled before the Christian life began."

"What the law (of Moses) could not do." That is, to save men from sin, this God did do through Jesus Christ. "The law . . . weak through the flesh." Law—the knowledge or a statement of what we ought to do—is powerless to make us do it. It is inefficient, "weak," because we are weak. "Condemned sin." "Deposited it." Vincent. "That the ordinance (requirement, R. V. margin) of the law might be fulfilled." The aim of the law was right, but it was ineffectual to accomplish it. It was unable to make men's lives right without touching their hearts, while Christ makes men's lives right by first making their hearts and wills right. When that is done the right life follows naturally. "Flesh." The lower nature. "Spirit." The higher and better nature inspired and strengthened by the Spirit of Christ.

"They that are after the flesh." The kind of people in whom the lower nature controls. "The mind of the flesh." The low, sinful life Paul has been speaking of. "Is death." That can be the only end of such a life. A life that is constantly going down hill, morally and spiritually, as well as physically, must sometime reach the bottom. That is death. "If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." It is not membership in any church or belief in any creed nor the performing of any particular meritorious act that decides whether or not one is Christ's, but simply whether he is so filled with the Christ-spirit that he is becoming really like Christ. "The body is dead because of sin."—Bosworth. It was Paul's belief that all physical death was the direct result of the sin of the ancestors of the human race. "Spirit is life." Righteousness and the vigor and life of the soul go together.

"We are debtors." Rather we are under obligation. "Put to death the deeds of the body." That is, "stop doing the selfish things the flesh inclines to."—Bosworth. Paul shows in verses 13-17 that the Christian is not whipped into line by God, like a slave, but that he is God's child, and that his service is love service.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus because they have the filial, obedient spirit.

There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus because they are trying to live up to the law.

There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus because they are led by the Spirit of God.

There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus because they are the children of God.

Our prayer may fail but the God of prayer will not.—Ram's Horn.

## FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

Republican Leaders Engaged in Preparing a Bill to Prop Up Tottering Structure.

The republican party has been the sole architect of the financial policy of the United States and after years of tinkering now acknowledges that the whole fabric is a failure.

The leaders are now preparing more legislation to prop up the tottering structure which has given warning, by various cracks and flaws, that it is unsafe. It should be noted that the demand for financial legislation does not come from the public, or even from the country banks, but from Wall street. There is a constant wail of distress from the kings of finance who rule the financial world and dictate to the republican leaders, that more money must be provided or they will not be able "to move the crops."

Having secured from complacent secretaries of the treasury pretty much all the loose cash in the treasury, to the tune of over \$150,000,000, these Wall street financiers are constantly calling for more. The republican leaders of the senate are preparing to aid them, to the extent the Rockefeller element think most profitable to their interests. The chief demand of their bankers is to be allowed to withdraw the United States bonds that have been deposited to secure the loans from the treasury and replace them with municipal or railroad bonds. This would release \$154,000,000 of United States bonds that could then be used as a basis for further bank circulation. These Wall street bankers are also the chief owners of the railroads and control or can borrow railroad bonds to substitute as aforesaid. The further demand is made by Wall street that the receipts from customs may be deposited with the banks as the receipts from internal revenue taxes now are. The Aldrich bill provided for this and as a sop to public opinion further provided that one and one-half per cent. interest should be paid on such deposits. As no interest has been paid on the vast amount now loaned the banks and they are in constant dread of the requirements of the treasury being such that some or all of the \$154,000,000 they now hold might be demanded, it was intended by the interest provision of the Aldrich bill to give the banks a more complete and legal control of that money. It is probable that the banks will never repay that vast sum if the Aldrich bill or a similar one is enacted, as it would result in a panic if they should be called upon to do so. The money having been loaned out by the banks on Wall street securities, it would be necessary to call those loans and that would result in most instances in throwing the stocks held as collateral on the market, and down would go the price and a full fledged panic would surely result.

There are other advantages the banks want, but they are not entirely agreed on details. Some are demanding that asset currency be issued by the banks to gradually replace the present bank notes now secured by United States bonds. Some of the republican leaders in the house of representatives favor that plan, but the senate leaders do not seem to agree with them.

The public, whose interests do not appear to be much considered, do not care what the bank currency is, so that it is safe and on a par with greenbacks and treasury notes and always receivable for debts and purchases. Greenbacks have been an ideal money for the people, but they are now rarely seen in circulation, the new plan being to retire them, probably because the banks make no profit on their circulation. The treasury notes, silver certificates and the national bank currency is the present money in the hands of the people and the gold and gold certificates in the bank reserves. As long as there are different kinds of money the banks will always keep the best in their own vaults and pay out what they consider the most undesirable. If asset currency—bank notes without bonds as security—is provided for in the new law, it will be the least desirable money, as it will have only the assets of the banks back of it, and will rapidly supplant even the silver certificates in the ordinary transactions of the great mass of the people. This constant tinkering with the currency and always for the benefit of the banks should be enough to defeat the republican party and will do so when the next time of stress comes around, and unless all signs fall the periodical panic is not far off.

## PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—Reform in New York is "traveling a hard road, but, then, how can it be expected to prosper under republican auspices? The whole history of that party since the war has been a never-ceasing fight against reform.

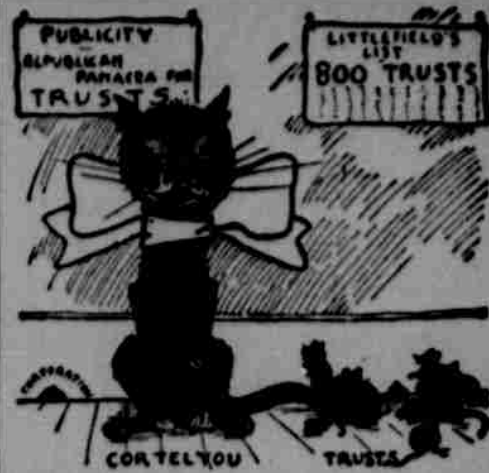
—From the roasting that Gov. Pennypacker and the Quay machine is getting from republican and democratic newspapers alike, the Pennsylvania bosses have discovered that it is impossible to muzzle the independent press by any libel law their ingenuity can invent or their partisan malice execute.

—It is the tariff which allows the trusts to make these high prices for their products. Had there been no such overcapitalized combinations, the competition between the separate establishments would give to the people the benefit of prices regulated by the cost of production, and would make the prosperity more general and more enduring.—Philadelphia Record.

—The "Iowa idea" refuses to be down. By Iowa idea is meant the democratic idea of tariff reform, which was taken up by the Iowa republicans last fall and embodied in their state platform.—Buffalo Times.

—President Roosevelt is giving all his cabinet a chance to show their ability on the stump; the last one to be ordered to the front is Secretary Wilson. So far he has not invited Postmaster General Payne; probably because it would be uncomfortable for him to tell the people about the scandals in his department.

—Mr. Roosevelt will never get a currency sufficiently elastic to stretch as rapidly as the capitalization of a modern corporation.—Detroit Free Press.



"Teddy's Sleepy Cat No Trusts Will Catch."

## ADMISSIONS OF REPUBLICANS.

Throw Side Lights on Post Office Scandal and Cause Patriots to Quake.

The post office scandals have warmed up so in the rear of that republican patriot and statesman secretary of the republican national committee and erstwhile assistant postmaster general, Perry S. Heath, that he has fallen to explaining about his share in them. He freely admits that there were irregularities during the war with Spain, but claims that even the postmaster general and the cabinet sanctioned what was done. He confesses that large amounts of money were used for purposes for which they were not appropriated, but says that the idea that funds were used for private use is "utterly silly." The war with Spain being in progress the soldiers had to be supplied with mail, and to put it in the language of the patriot Heath, "there was no time to dally. It was up to us to get busy and to get busy quick." From the charges and rumors of the doings of the department during the busy reign of Perry and the other patriots who hovered around him—and names high up on the republican scroll of fame are mentioned—there is no doubt that but little time was wasted in getting down to business.

The redoubtable Perry does not mention the irregularities in the appointments and promotions but he does say that Mr. Tulloch, who has made some of the charges, "was relieved by Postmaster General Smith, which he had a perfect right to do," and makes further complimentary remarks about that gentleman which indicates that he was an "obstacle" to Perry and the department. It was not long after this that Perry was fitting out the expedition to Cuba which looted the post office department in that country, in which Hanna's friend, Rathbone